The pennies, man will never prize, Are big as dollars in her eyes; She weighs each well before it's spent, And when they're gone, knows where they

A woman asks, "how much!" before She buys, and not a fraction more Than what she orders will she take; And always counts the change they make. A man, afraid of seeming mean, And vainly hiding that he's green, Wen't ask the price at all, and buys Waatever meets his eager eyes.

Then, grandly throwing down a bill, He, victim of the tradesman's skill And paying twice the right amount, Pockets the change he fears to count.

The money that a husband earns, Kept in his pocket, always burns, And till it's squandered, lost or lent, He, somehow, never feels content.

Man's forte's to earn, but not to spend; His wife's ambition, too, will end If she sees money slip away With debts increasing day by day,

So he who'll wisely lead a life Of perfect bliss will let his wife Be treasurer, as nature meant, no man a single cent. —H. C. Dodge, in Godall's Sun

## A FAMILY AFFAIR.

BY HUGH CONWAY.

CHAPTER XXXIII (CONTINUED). London at last! Sarah Miller stepped from the train, and once more stood on the platform which she had quitted rather more than three days before. It was now past three o'clock in the morning. Whither should she turn? She s ood hesitating and bewild red.

There was one thing more which she had settled to do. What was it? Oh, those wheels, those wheels, will they nev-er stop? She pressed her fingers to her temples, and strove to recall what resolution had slipped from her mind.

Ah, now she remembered what it was. Her money, she must get rid of that. She had no further need of money now that she had reached the final goal. In her pocket were both German and English coins. She collected them and creeping stealthily to the box which stands awaiting contributions for some, doubtless, very deserving charity, she dropped in every coin that was upon her person. This done, she believed there was nothing left which could in any way show who she was or whence she came.

She passed out under the archway, a dark-robed figure with a he bent as in grief. She passed from the ghas ly white glare of electric lamps into the all but descried Strand. She walked s me way up the S rand, then, without any definite aim, turned to the right and by and by found berself on the embank-

Still s' e wandere I on until she reached Waterloo bridge. She went half way across I, then stoppe I short and gazed over the parapet into the river. But no thought of self-destruction had entered into her head, although the red light was still before her eyes, the wild rush still sounding in her ears, and those fearful iron wheels in her brain circling more rapidly than ever. No the river had for her but the attraction which a smooth calm, pea-eful stream has for all who are in deep distress. So she looked and looked: even craned over the parapet to peer in o its somber, placid depths.

At that moment a blinding light flashed upon her eyes and a hand grasped her shoulder "Now none of that nonsense." said a sharp voice-the voice of a policeman who had seen her dark form against the stonework of the bridge. The woman turned her face to his, and the anguish written upon it persuaded the constable that he had arrived just in the nick of

"River air's bad at night for such as go straight home like a good woman. I'll see you safe off the bridge. You can go from which end you like, but if you stay

here any longer, well, I must run you in. She cl sped her hands, "I am mad!" she cried in pitcous, imploring tones. 'Can't you see I am mad? Take me and put me where mad people are sent to. Strange as a confession of insanity

seemed, the puzzled policeman was bound to take her at her word, the more so because she would not or could not give any account of herself, or name any place of residence. So she was led away, a docile captive, and spent the rest of the night, or rather morning, under detention. Mad or not she believed her work was

now done: belie ed that she would be bestowed where her mistre s would never find her, never hear of her. Mad or not her one concentrated aim was to keep the secret of the way in which Maurice Hervey died. If mad, the poor wretch's cun-

All but, for as usual it had forgotten one important thing. Unles Beatrice was informed of her husband's death, unless that death were proved beyond a doubt. Sarah Mil-ler's crime would be unless and her sacrifice futile.

## CHAPTER XXXIV

IT WAS NO DREAM. Carrathers, as was his custom called for Beatrice early one morning. This This morning Beatrice left her boy in charge of the smiling avarian servant and went for a walk with Frank. It was a fair May morning, fairer perhaps elsewhere than n Munich, which is a dry, dusty, barren land. For some time they walked in and apparently without any settled destination. By and by Carruthers

When do you think you will be ready to return to England?" he asked. Her eyes were cast down. She did not

answer his question.

Beatrice, you will take my advice in is?" he spoke gravely and tenderly.
"Yes I will take your advice. I will

do all you wish-be guided entirely by you. Heaven knows I have guided myself long enough. See where it has led

Her e es tilled with tears as she spoke. Frank clinched his hand behind his back. He felt so powerless to help her. After all he could aid her so little

What do you "What do you propose? W think we should go straight back to England: straight to Cakbury. I will come with you if you wish it, tell Horace I will

and Herbert everything."

"What will they say? What will they
do" I should think they would at once
turn me out of their house." Frank smiled a sad little smile. ' Dear

came to them for protection? That is," he added. "if the dog had not been in the

"Ah, Frank, but I have been in the mnd." said Beatrice sadly. I have years of mud up n me. It will never come off,

Frank, as a man should, tried to conso'e her, tried to persua ie her that the mud was neither very black nor so very thick. She shock her head sadly and refused to believe him. Then came another pause. "Ah!" said Beatrice, "it all comes back to the old cry—if what has been done could only be undone!"
"Yes," said Frank, "the cry of the first

man who developed speech; his thought perhaps before speech came to him; and s it will be the cry of the last man who stands on the wreck of the world."

There was a silence once more until Frank troke it by repeating his original question. Beatrice told him she could not leave Munich until Sarah returned. "But she is in London. Why not tele-graph her? Tell her to wait there."

I would, but I do not know where to find her. She was going to her friend's, The friend who posted my letters. used to send them, but I never thought to ask the ad tress."

"And she is making terms with this an," said Frank rather bitterly, "is man," empowered to let this ruffian rob you."
"Money is nothing. He can have all

he wants if he will trouble me no more." "Frank," said Beatrice, "I will leave with you as soon as she returns, I prom-ise. Now let us talk of something else. We may have but a day or two longer Let me have those days to look back upon-days of calm before the storm broke.

They walked a out aimlessly, and scarcely noticing where. "Shall we go anywhere—to one of the galleries." asked

Beatrice.
"No," sald Frank. "It's too fine for pictures. Let us go and look at the statue of Bavaria."

They inspected the collossal statue, but did not yield to the temptation of going up into its head via the leg. They walk-ed through the Hall of Fame at the back of the statue. But sight-seeing did them no more good than Frank's forced gayety. They were both sad at heart.
"Where shall we go now?" asked Frank

as they came back to the fia re. "Is there anything else to see about here?" He crouched this question in curious German, and addressed the driver. The driver sa d the great south cemetery was not far

"I don't like cemeteries." said Frank

doubtfully, "I do, said Beatrice. So they drove

ac ording to her wish.

They passed under the great arched entrance to tile place of tombs. Beatrice, who was now deep in sad thoughts. looked neither to the right nor left—and Frank was looking only at Beatrice. They walked straight into the great open space and for awhile, with the bright May sun shining down on them, wandered about the forest of tombs, which, after the manner of all continental memorial stones. looked untidy from the withered or taw-dry wreaths which had been placed on them last All Souls Day, and left to decay at ease. Carcuthers was somewhat disappointed in the cemetery. Although this was his first visit to Munich, he faucied he had read or heard that this cometery was one of the finest in Europe. He told Beatrice he was disappointed. "Perhaps the finest monuments are un-

der the plazza, ' she said. They walked across to the broad plazza which runs round the center space. As Bea rice had suspected the finest and most c stly and artistic monuments were against the wall.

'This!" he muttered. "To this it all c mes. The end of love, the end of am-bition, of wealth, of poverty, of pain, of Joy. All come to it, and other men and women walk over our graves and wonder who we were. Beatrice! Beatrice " he cried in a voice of exquisite agony, "we can live but once and our 1.fe is wasted!" Bravely as he had borne himself Car-

ruthers had at last b:oken down.
"I was a fool—a weak fool," he said. "Forgive me." "No. you are wise. Oh, why was I ever born!"

Let us go " said Frank. abode of dead mor ality.

So with heavy hearts they walked along the broad place toward the entrance to

the cemetery. Neither spoke. Carruthers was telling himself that he was weaker than ne thought, that he could not bear the situation longer. He would see Beatrice safe in England. He would see this man and insure her future peace. Then he would —he must leave her. To see her, hear her voice, touch her hand, yet know she

ask himself to bear. And Beatrice's thoughts ran much in the same groove. She had from the first known it must be so. This was why she had begged that the last few days they spent in Munich might be made such as memory loves to linger upon. Such friendship as I rank had spoken of was

could not be his was more than he could

between them an lapossibility. So as they walked down that plazza they felt that they were bidding each other a farewell which might well be No wonder their hands refused eternal.

As they drew near to the entr nce the passed with was to all ap-pearances a shop with a plate-glass front opening on the plazza. In tront of twere two or three men and wom en and everal children the last-named on ti toe, and attening the reat Tentonnoses against the glass. Frank also clanced that way and saw such a curious sight that, in spite of his prececupation,

he stopped. A little way inside the glass was arranged on banks of evergreens and flowers, what seemed to be a do en dolls of various sizes, but all large for dolls. Each was dressed in smart long robes with tinsel and other decorations, and every doll bore a large number. A curious sight' Carruthers drew near and then the truth (ashed upon him. They were dead bables! There, each in its little nest of leaves and flowers, they

lay awaiting the day of burial. "They are dead!" said Frank, turning to Beatrice.

"Yes. I remember hearing it was the custom here to let them wait like this, bu forgot all about it. A horrible custom, is it not

Frank and I eatrice turned away. seemed to Frank, at least, t at the specta cle they had seen was a fitting ending to their excursion. They walked away slow-ly and in silence. But they had not seen

In a room at the very entrance, so that omers and goers might the more readily notice it, lay the body of a man. fragrant boughs, but on a plain slate bier, for there was no one to authorize the expenditure necessary to give it a bed of ever-greens. A black cloth was thrown across the body and the face was turned toward

And Frank saw that white face and Beatrice, ' he said, ' can you fancy either | knew it—and Beatrice saw that white face | Horace or ficthert turning a dog out who | and knew it. She grasped Frank's arm,

strove to speak, gave a sharp cry and fell senseless on the stones. Carruthers lifted her and bore her to the farce. He bade

the man drive home at once. l'eatrice revived. She looked at Frank n a dazed way. "I dreamed it—it was a in a dazed way. ''I dreamed it—it was a dream!'' she said in a whisper. ''It was no dream '' answered Carruthers

in a hoarse, choked voice. Not another word was exchanged until they reached Beatrice's home. Here Frank wanted to accompany her to her rooms. She shook

"Go back, go back," she whispered. "You will see to all. learn all, will you

He nodded, re-entered the carriage and

drove back to the cemetery.

There was no mistake. He gained access to the room. He saw the body uncovered, saw the sling which had been removed from the broken arm. And as he stood and gazed at he dead man he seemed to hear the voice of the strange servant begging him in wild accents to wait for Beatrice. Her prophecy had come true; her strange faith had not deceived her.

He had to answer many questions; see sundry obcials. He said he identified the man as Maurice Hervey, an artist. He c uld say nothing more about him—nothing about his friends. He had exchanged very few words with him. Then he left money for the c rose to be removed to another an down and decently laid out. Also money for funeral expenses, and for a stone with H. M. on it to be put over the grave. They told him the funeral must take place on the morrow. Then he went to Beatrice.

She would not see him; so he left a note saying that all was done. The next day he stood over Maurice Hervey's grave.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

OLD FHIENDS, AGAIN. He did not see her the next day. called twice; the second time she sent word that she would rather not see him until to-morrow. She was not ill; she would only rather be left alone. So in a

curious, indescribable state of mind Mr. Carruthers spent the day in wandering about Munich.
On the morrow he called and was admitted. He found Beatrice alone. She looked pale, but very beautiful. He no-

ticed at once a change in her manner. A certain graceful timidity and shynesss seemed to have fallen upon her, which added a new charm to the girl he had hitherto found so calm and self-possessed. Beatrice, it may be, also noticed a change in Carrothers' bearing.
"Tell me all," she said in low tones.

as after a quiet greeting he took a chair near her. He told her a l. Bea rice heard him

without interruption. When his recital was finished she sat in deep thought. Frank watched her in s lence.
"How did he come there, on the rail-

road. I mean " she asked at last. Frank shook his head. "It might have been accident, it might have been suicide. From the position in which he was found the authorities incline to the latter. he had plenty of money in his pocket. I don't know how much, for in these cases short, no one kno is how it happened."

Beatrice. 'How did he know I was here Frank could only shake his bead again. "He must have seen Sarah," she conlinued, answering h r own question. 'He must have heard from her where I Why did she not write and tell me? Some harm may have befallen her. 1 wish she was back.

"Would you like to see his grave"" asked Frank after a pause. Beatrice shivered. "No." she said, "I think not-unless

you would call it nowomanly not to do so."
"No," said Frank, "I can see no reason for it."
"What could i so at his grave," asked Beatrice softly and dreamily. "One goes to a grave to weep. I could not weep. After a load, which one has carried for years day and night is lifted from the

one does not weep one rejoices. Frank, I dare not stand over a grave and feel like that. Let me say I forgive him. I can do no more. No one who knew all could ask more." 'Speak nothing but good of the dead,' she continued n the same dreary way.

Frank, I cannot recall any good of which to speak. For a few weeks I loved him, or thought I loved him; but that was years years ago. Ah, me: thos: years! All I can now do is to say I will speak no evil of him. He is dead. I forgive him, and will try and forget him.

For the first tive the tears rose to her There was a long pause. and Frank were now standing. He took her hands in his and held them.

"Beatrice-darling," he whispered.
"Do you remember the words you said a few days ago-said in this very room. When there seemed no chance of happi ness for you and me. Dearest, all is now change! We are in a new world. Beatrice, will you say ones more in our new world what you said in the old?"

CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

A Blessing in a Woman.

The late William R. Travers, a number of years ago, took a fatherly interest in a man who is now a Wall street banker, and who was formerly a clothing-store clerk. He forsook the counter and made a start in the street under the wing of the noted wit. The so ng man married a charming Brooklyn girl. On the return from the Brooklyn girl. On the return from the wedding trip Mr. Tra ers congratulated him:

"The; t-t-tell me, Cha-Cha-Charley, that you m-m-married a cha-char-m-m-

"Ye ," replied the young man. is beautiful and accomplished, but she has one misfortune. "Ah, ah! W-w-wnat's that, Cha-Cha-Charley.

She stutters." "She s.ut-t-t-ters, does she? And you -e-e-call that a m-m-mis-f-fortune? Why, d-d-damit. Cha-Cha-Charley, that's b-b blessing in a wo-wo-woman."

One Exception.

Veneral'e Spinster: "There is not a married woman in my acquaintance who does not have her life made miserable by her husband's constant talk about how much better his mother cooked."

Young Wife 'Well, here's an excep-My husband never makes a remark V. S.: "fle's the first man I ever heard of that did not. You must be a marvel-

Y. W.: "No, it's not that. You see, he was brought up in an orphan asylum."

Trousers Ave. Tom Bigbee (feroclously)—Hang it, Glbb n, I can't see why you have adopted

that is offe way of carrying your umbrella! You're jabbing everybody, back and front. You're labbing everyoody, back and right.

I lowell | libbon—You cawn't see, eh?

Why, it's absolutely necessawy. I'd get the dark forehead with its fixed frown the blawsted thing tangled in the skirts of my new English trousers if I didn't carwy

Nearly all wear the same Indian in a horizontial position .- Puck

HE DRANK HASHISH.

The Sad Results of a Drug Clerk's Terrible Blunder.

A few miles from this city I ves a man who was once as fine a drug clerk as there was in the city of Boston, says the Manchester (N. H.) Union. His name was Randolph R. Sanford, and he is at present residing with his widowed mother. Sanford is some over forty years of age, and is a complete wreck. His hair is as white as snow, and his left side has been paralyzed from the crown of his head to his feet. While mixing chemicals at the last place in Boston where he worked, an unforseen combination ensued, and an explosion was the result. This explosion proved most disastrous to Sanford. He got the bulk of the flying liquid in his face, and his nose was fairly eaten off. He was ill for a long time, and during his sickness his whole left side was paralyzed, as stated above. Within the last three years he has partially recovered the use of his afflicted side, and in the summertime manages to get around and do a little garden work, the Sanford place being noted for the quality of the vegetables raised and the beauty of the floral plats. Sanford is a most interesting conversationalist, and is full of stories regarding the life of a drug clerk. His experience with hashish is worth reproducing. Hashish is the foundation of the same powerful extract that figures in Monte Cristo. The name by which it goes among drugg sts is "extractum cannabis indica," or extract of Indian hemp. The liquid preparation resem-bles lnk in appearance —a dark green ink. Its fragrance is of a narcotic odor, and in taste it is slightly warm, bitterish and acid. In Hindostan, Persia, and other parts of the east, hemp has habitually been employed as an intoxicating agent. The parts used are the tops of the plant and a resin-ous product obtained from it. The plant is cut after flowering, and formed into bundles from two to four feet long by three inches in diameter, which are sold in the bazars by the name of The resin obtained is formed gunjah. into balls by the natives, and is smoked like tobacco, with which it is said to be frequently mixed. An infusion or decoction of the drink is sometimes used as an exhibarating drink.

"Some eight or ten years ago," says Sanford, "I was at work for a prominent druggist in Boston. For some little time I had been suffering with dyspepsia, and the ailment both ered me so that life became unbearable. I at last mixed up a decoction that gave me great relief. I was to take it before meals, and placed the bottle on a shelf behind the prescrip-tion counter among other bottles which are usually found in that place. One noon I went to take my medicine. I took down what I thought to be the right bottle, and, discarding the use of a spoon, I placed the bottle to my mouth and took a large swallow. Horrors! The taste told me that I had made a mistake! I looked at the bottle and-well, my friend, I had taken a large dose of Indian cannabis, or otherwise hashish. I knew what the results would be. I staggered back to the rear part of the store. How queer I felt. How light I was grow ing. Up, up, up I went, until my head bobted against the ceiling. I was like a cork floating on disturbed water. I glided along, and could look down and see the huge bottles, each one with a hideous face laughing at me. The stools on the marble floor seemed want to keep me company, and their click, click, on the marble floor sounded like thunder in my ears. Suddenly I was plunged into inky blackness. I was plunged into inky blackness. From the black nothingness flashed out bright balls of light. I reached the sofa and sank down upon it. tongue seemed to swell, and I tried in vain to scream, but no sound issued. I seemed to know that there was a long, long hour before my fellow-clerk would be back from his dinner, and then he might not come into the rear room and discover my condition. The events of days and weeks came before my mind in all the details, and I saw faces-beautiful faces-angelic in their divinity, which seemed to beckon to me and then vanish with a hideous Again was I tossed to the ceiling and then thrown by some invisible force from one side of the room to another. I felt no concussion, bounced about like a huge foot-ball. Then I fell back into dreamy contemplation and years seemed to pass Fantastic pictures were worked, my limbs felt weighted with lead inst the opposite to my experience of what seemed to me years ago. I heard somebody say: Why, Rolphie, old fellow, what's the matter? Rolphie! Rolphie! The words reverberated like thunder. My shop-mate had re-turned. Again he tried to skake me to myself, and I never hated a man so cordially as I hated him at that moment. He got a doctor, and I tell you, my friend, they had no easy time to bring me to myself. Every word they uttered surged into my brain and seemed to jar me to pieces. I suffered from that experience long afterward, and it appears even at this day, when I think it over, that I have that feeling coming on, so powerful was the impression made on me at that time."

Scenes of Sensuous Beauty.

Hindoos, coolies, men, women and children-standing, walking or sitting in the sun, under the shadowing of the palms. Men squatting, with hands clasped over their black knees, steadily observe you from under their white turbans-very steadily, with a slight scowl. All these Indian faces have the same set, stern expression, the same knitting of the brows and the keen strong gaze is not altogether pleasant. It borders upon hostility; it is the look of measurement-measurement physical and moral. In the mighty swarming of India these have learned the full meaning and force of life's law as

dress, the thickly folded turban, usually white, white drawers reaching but half down the thigh, leaving the knees and the legs bare, and white jacket. A few don long blue robes and wear a colored head dress. These are babagees priests. All the men took tall; they are lithe, very slender, small-boned, but the limbs are well turned. They are grave, talk in low tones and seldom smile. Those you see with very heavy full beards are Mussulmans; they have their mesques and the cry of the muezzin sounds thrice daily over the vast cane fields. Some shave-Buddhists or followers of Hindooismbut the children of Islam never. Very comely some of the women are, in their close-clinging soft, brief robes and tantalizing veils, a costume leaving shoulders, arms and ankles bare. The dark arm is always tapered and rounded, the silver circled ankle always elegantly knit to the light, straight foot. Many of these slim girls, whether standing or walking, or in repose, present perpetually studies of grace; their attitude when erect, always suggest lightness and suppleness, like the poise of a perfect dancer.

A coolie mother passes, carrying at her hip a pretty maked baby. It has exquisite delicacy of limb; its tiny ankles are circled by thin bright silver rings; it looks like a little bronze statnette, a statue of "Kama, the Indian Eros." The mother's arms are ed from elbow to rist with silver bracelets some flat and decorated, others coarse, round, smooth, with ends hammered into the form of viper heads. She has large flowers of gold in her ears, a small gold flower in her very delicate little nose. This nose orament does not seem absurd; on these dark skins the effect is, on the contrary, pleasing, although bizarre. this jewelry is pure metal; it is thus the coolles carry their savings; they do not learn to trust the banks until they become rich.

There is a woman go ng to market, a very odd little woman; is she a Chinablanco—a coolie, or a Malay balf-breed? I do not know. She rep-resents a typo I have never seen before. She wears one loose, soft, white garment, leaving arms, ankles and part of back and bosom exposed, like a lowcut, sleeveless chemise, but less long. Her whole figure is rounded, compact, admirably knit, and her walk is inde-scribably light, supple, graceful. But her face is queer; it is an Oriental grotesque, a Chinese dream, oblique eyes and blue-black brows and hair, very high and broad cheek bones. Singular as it is, this face has the veritable beaute du diable; it is very young and very fresh face, and the uncommonly long, black, silk lashes give her gaza a very pleasing, velvety expression. Still, the most remarkable peculiarity she has is her color, clear and strange, almost exactly the color of a fine ripe lemon. - Lufcadio Hearn' in Harper's Magazine.

### The Light of Home.

When every star that gems the sky In darkness hides its silvery ray, And midnight shadows thickly lie. Like sable curtains on the way, One light remains to pierce the gloom, One ray-it is the light of home.

That light where o'er undimmed it shines, Unnumbered blessings sheds around; Where fall its soft and tender lines There truest happiness is found. There is no light beneath the dome

So precious as the light of home. Within its sacred circle blend The purest virtues, true and strong; Here friend deserves the name of friend, And love resides, nor fears a wrong; And when the heart meets pain and iil That friendly beacon cheers it still.

For one afar its radiance streams The proof of joy and hope and cheer, And draws him with its welcome beams To all be holds most prized and dear. His heart is glad, his eye grows bright As he beholds its faithful light.

And thus as we, with weary feet, Life's dark and tangled mazes tread,
Let us take heart, for, pure and sweet,
There is a light that shines ahead,
That leads us onward, while we roam,
To find in heaven the light of home.

Boston Journat.

# Clinging to the Past.

Ecquador is a country in which the never repaired; the Indians, remembering the ancient glory of their ancestors, have no songs and no amusements, and the Spanish inhabitants are past still reigns. The buildings are too poor and too proud to get much active pleasure from the present. One peculiarity of the Indian, showing his attachments to custom, lies in the fact that he will only trade in the market place in Quito, where his ancestors have for centuries sold their produce.

A traveler upon the highways may meet whole armies of Indians bearing loads of supplies, but he can obtain nothing from them until they have reached their accustomed place for

barter. The Indian will even carry goods ten miles, and sell them for less than he

was offered at home.

The author of 'The Capitals of Spanish America' says that he once met, an old woman trudging along with a basket of fruit, and though he offered ten cents for pineapples, which would only bring her two and a half in the market, she preferred taking the dusty journey of two leagues to being re-lieved of her burden at once. A gentleman living some distance

from town says that, for four years, he tried to induce the natives who passed every morning with packs of alfalfa (clover) to sell him at his gate; he was invariably compelled to go into town Nor will the natives sell at wholesale.

They will give you a gourdful of pota-toes for a penny as often as you choose to buy, but they will not sell their stock in a lump. They will sell you a dozen eggs for a real (ten cents), but they will not sell five dozen for a dol-

### An Awful Danger. A-'This country can't risk anoth-

er war." B .- Why, we could put two or

three million men into the field." "That's just it, and if the war lasted long there would be such a crop of veterans wanting pensions that treasury would be bankropt - Texas

Borrowed garments seldem fit well, nor do bogus remedies cure successfully. The real cure for caughs and colds is Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

Why sit doubled up like an old man, my boy! What's rhoumatism! Take the good the gods provide thee, and send twenty five cents around the corner for a bottle of Sal vation Oil and you'll ride your bicycle to

#### HERE AND THERE

Settle:s in some portions of Indian Territory are said to be in a starving condition owing to the depredations of thieves, who have driven off their stock.

A strike, participated in by about 250 boys, has been the cause of closing two of the largest glass factor es in Maryland and throw lug 900 men out of employment.

A correspondent of The Liverpool Mercury says that he heard some cornet playing from a phonograph which had been repeated more than a thousand times, and all the notes were as clear and distinct as ever.

Euglish physicians condemn cigarette smoking because it produces throat diseases. Even the best cirgarettes are dangerous. They cause more consumption of nicotine than either the cigar or the pipe.

San Antonia, out in California, bossts tne littlest baby ever born. It is the son of Alfred Maguire, a railroad brakeman, and when born it weighed only sixteen ounces. A pint cup covered it. The father and mother are both well-proportioned.

Some folks claim that advertising does not ay. A few nights ago a thief entered a house in Chicago and ransacked a drawer in which he overlooked \$80. The daily papers published the item the next day and the thief returned that night and got the \$80 and a

rult of clothes The safety lusured by interlocking signal opparatus may be shown by the fact that about 3,000,00) trains have passed over the Chatham square crossing of the New York rievated railway with but one collision, which was owing to the engine driver passing the

danger signal. A man who has been in the habit of lying awake nights has discovered a remedy for deeplessness. He throws aside the pllow tuc adopts the practice of sleening with the head and boly nearly on the same level. Only men, among the animals, seem to re quire a pitlow.

The cranberry pickers are out in full force down on the Cape bogs preparing to gather in the barvest. A great many families are enabled to lay by from \$100 to \$200 every season as the reward of their industry in the tranberry fields, which keeps the winter fires going and drives want from the door.

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